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VATICAN II — TEN YEARS LATER

CHANGE WITHIN CHANGE

PHILIP SCHARPER



CRITICS' CHOICES FOR CHRISTMAS

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NEWS & VIEWS

Re-Victimizing Indians

The advertising industry, which has been trading in cycles on blacks and blondes and minorities ("I'm Frito Bandito . . ."), has rediscovered the American Indian, and the old stereotype is perpetuated.

Akwesasne Notes, "a Native American newspaper," records the evidence in its fall issue, and charges that the advertising is racist.

Instances cited:

—An L&M cigarette ad featuring a gay Indian holding a carton of cigarettes. "Dancing Butterfly," another Indian says to him, "get out of here with your Eve cigarettes."

—A Frederick Chusid & Co. ad in the *Wall Street Journal*. Captioned "How To Be a Chief with Much Thunder," the ad promises that "our Career Advancement Program can effectively beat the tom-toms for you on the right reservation." Added comment: "Often our clients do so well that their squaws trade in their buffalo robes for mink."

—A camping development in Virginia (one of over 200 planned nationally by Chase Continental Corp.). "INDIAN ACRES," proclaim the billboards, "HEAP BIG FUN—BRINGUM THE WHOLE FAMILY." The family drives around streets named Tonto Drive and Apache Territory, and relieves itself in facilities marked "Braves" and "Squaws."

—A Pepsi-Cola ad displaying a Jefferson nickel and an Indian nickel. Jefferson, as literate as you'd expect a Founding Father to be, says, "Pepsi-Cola's Value-Pak brings the nickel serving back." The Indian replies, "How?"

But the prime offender of Indian sensibilities, comments *Akwesasne Notes*, is television. The Indians get it in straight programming and

in specials, like ABC's "Kopy Kats," in which Ed Sullivan portrayed "Chief Crazy Horse."

Vernon Bellecourt, national co-director of the American Indian Movement, protested the portrayal, pointing out that the chief had been assassinated while imprisoned by the U.S. Army and was hardly a topic for humor.

Local stations blamed the network. The network responded that the program was only a "humorous tracing of history . . . presented in what we believe is good taste."

Blacks were able to curtail (in part, at least) their stereotyping by Madison Avenue through pressure from their black identity movements. And the women's liberation movement has put a dent in the stereotyping of women as dumb housewives, sexy blondes and tyrannical mothers-in-law. But the Indian, as ever, is up against defeating odds; he still hasn't the fire-power to persuade, the figurative fire-power this time.

Bellecourt filed a formal complaint on the "Chief Crazy Horse" episode with the FCC in Washington. The agency has not responded.

Father or Godfather?

President Nixon, in his Nov. 5 interview with Garnett D. Horner of the *Washington Star-News*, casts himself in a super-father role: "The average American is just like the child in the family. You give him some responsibility and he is going to amount to something. If, on the other hand, you make him completely dependent and pamper him and cater to him too much, you are going to make him soft, spoiled and eventually a very weak individual."

Star-News columnist Frank Getlein protested. "Nobody elected Richard Nixon to be our father," he wrote, finding the father imagery both scary and unoriginal.

"It has been used—and

deeply believed—by rulers as varied in character as Charlemagne and Adolf Hitler, King Alfred of England and Josef Stalin," Getlein remarked. "The czars were commonly called 'father' and so is the single remaining absolute monarch in the world, the Pope."

Getlein said he much preferred the example of another ruler who felt fatherly toward his people, Canute VI, "the Danish king of England who set his throne at the water's edge and commanded the tide not to come in."

Canute did this, Getlein quickly clarified, not because he was a dope, but as a rebuke to his courtiers who kept telling him he was all-powerful.

Another rejoinder to Nixon is contained in a recent speech of Joseph A. Califano, Jr., a special assistant to Lyndon Johnson during his Administration. Speaking before Nixon had gotten around to framing formally the super-father thought, Califano likened Nixon to Mario Puzo's Godfather character:

"In a frightening sense, Richard Nixon is a Godfather President, a Don Corleone, with all the trappings of wealth and affluence and White House prestige, in a setting of quicksand morality and political expediency. . . ."

Califano traced the transformation of Michael Corleone from respectable citizen to criminal chieftain, and saw something of the same in what has happened to government and the national leadership during the first Nixon term.

"There is an ambience of arrogant corruption about this Administration on our

national life," Califano concluded, "and we must arrest the infection before it becomes fatal to our freedom, to our civil liberties and our civil rights. For as a nation, we are no more immune from the laws of national history than the Godfather was immune from the laws of family history."

One Last Time

By way of ending all confusion about what percentage of the electorate voted on Nov. 7, this from the Library of Congress:

A total of 140 million Americans are eligible to vote. However, only 108 million of this 140 million have registered to vote—77 percent of eligibles.

On Nov. 7, 77 million Americans voted. This figures to 71 percent of those eligible and registered. It is 56 percent of eligibles.

Odds and Ends

—*New Definition Department*: In a *Washington Post* interview, William Peter Blatty of *Exorcist* notoriety describes himself as a "relaxed Catholic."

—In reviewing David O'Brien's and Garry Wills' new books on American Catholicism in *National Catholic Reporter*, Andrew Greeley cites some liberal-conservative percentages and says: "I ask the reader to take my word for it . . . that the findings are basically unassailable." Well, Greeley's way with figures is hopefully better than his way with names. In the same article he calls Francine Gray "Catherine Grey." In kindred context, *Critic* reviewer John Horgan notes that in *That Most Distressful Nation: The Taming of the American Irish*, a new title from the Greeley assembly line of books, Irish patriots Pearse and Connolly appear as "Pierce and Conway." Also, Eoin MacNeill debuts as "Owen MacNeill."

JOHN DEEDY



CORRESPONDENCE



After You, Alphonse

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: In your recent editorial comment on the *America* article by Professor William C. McCready and me [News & Views, Nov. 17], you refer to the article repeatedly as the "Greeley-McCready" work. In fact, if you would consult the issue of *America* in which the article appeared, you will note that Professor McCready is the senior author of the article.

He runs some risk in permitting my name to be associated with his. In addition, he should not be deprived of top billing for an article that involved more of his work than mine.

Thus your reference would have been more accurate—and I know how much *Commonweal* prizes accuracy—if it had been to the "McCready-Greeley" article. I know you will want to correct this.

(REV.) ANDREW M. GREELEY
Director, Center for
the Study of American
Pluralism

*O.K., not Greeley-McCready but
McCready-Greeley it is. For more on
Father Greeley and accuracy, or accu-
racy and Father Greeley, see p. 218.*

—Ed.

Obnoxious Equality

McSherrystown, Penna.

To the Editors: The editorial "Doing to Women" [Oct. 6] cited Pope Paul's *motu proprio* "barring women from even the smallest formal role in the ministry of the church." The writer then elaborated on the issue, concluding with hope and a suggestion to view this action as a "challenge" to "women and men alike."

Sister Margaret Ellen's letter [Nov. 3] regarding the article was concerned primarily with the "immoral" injustice

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JAMES O'GARA: Editor

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PHILIP T. HARTUNG, COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.: Movies

BRIAN WICKER: Great Britain

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EDWARD S. SKILLIN: Publisher

JOHN BRUBAKER: Advertising Manager

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A LOSS AND AN OPPORTUNITY

The ironies are several in the pressured resignation of Father Theodore Hesburgh as chairman of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, and the most incidental is that the first of the "Dear John" letters in Richard Nixon's housecleaning operation should go to the "Dear Ted" of four years ago. More significant—and ominous—is that the person in whose office are enshrined the body of the nation's ideals should sweep out first the individual who came to epitomize so many of the nation's ideals in the areas of justice, human rights and equal opportunity. Father Hesburgh—in no less an estimate than that of Erwin N. Griswold, Richard Nixon's Solicitor General—was the "conscience of the Commission" which, in turn, is regarded as the conscience of the country. Well, consciences can be dampened and dulled, and it will be interesting to see what the conscience of the Civil Rights Commission becomes devoid of the promptings of Chairman Hesburgh.

Given Richard Nixon's penchant for choosing people in his own image, it is impossible to be too optimistic over the change that is to come. All the signs point to a chairman who will be soft on the hard-core civil rights issues, beginning with busing and extending through to housing and jobs. And missing will be that uncompromising voice that would cry out against Federal Housing Administration policies when it was thought these aided segregation; that would accuse federal officials and government bureaucracies when commitment to civil rights seemed short; and that would contradict the President himself, when it appeared that he was subverting justice to policies. It is difficult, for instance, to imagine a Nixon-appointed Civil Rights Commission chairman saying of busing: "What is at issue in this matter is not—to use the President's phrases—busing for the sake of busing, or even busing solely for racial balance. The major issue is the kind of education available at the end of the trip." This is the kind of bluntness that the issues of modern America demand, and it is the kind of bluntness that Theodore Hesburgh brought to the chairmanship. With anything less in the months ahead, the loss can only be the nation's.

The ouster of Father Hesburgh from his Civil Rights Commission post

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probably signals the end of his involvement in public affairs on official levels; certainly it is ended through the Nixon Administration. But this could be the American church's gain, if Father Hesburgh were tapped for a further leadership role in the church's ranks. This is not a question precisely of the church providing a substitute platform for the continued performance of civil-rights tasks—although that is not so bad an idea—but of its capitalizing upon available talent in a time of a leadership crisis of its own by positioning it in a post where leadership is automatic.

The American church's leadership crisis can hardly be exaggerated, not when it alarms so responsible and respected a scholar of church history as Msgr. John Tracy Ellis. Time and again in recent months Msgr. Ellis has called attention to this leadership and warned that it is so deficient that the church in America can and indeed may fail. At the same time he speaks poignantly of those high points of history when the leadership was "forthright, articulate, strong and knew where it was going." Coincidentally or not, it was this type of leadership that spelled Theodore Hesburgh's doom in a Nixon Administration.

All of this is not to propose Father Hesburgh or anyone else as the savior of a situation. The church in America is not so fortunate that its malaise can be corrected by the simple expedient of hitting upon the one, right person; the problems are much too complicated for that hope. But the right person can help the situation, and as Theodore Hesburgh helped give direction and credibility to the Civil Rights Commission, in similar manner might he help the church on levels beyond that of educator or university president—provided, of course, the right post was chosen, and he were as forthright, articulate, strong and as unintimidated by the Establishment as the Hesburgh of the Civil Rights Commission. . . . and provided, naturally, that Father Hesburgh were willing.

The point, in sum, is that the American church cannot afford to drift along and settle for a leadership that emerges through Chancery games of musical chairs. It has to step outside the old procedures and secure the best talent around. Nothing less may be at stake, as Msgr. Ellis reminds, than the American church's escape from failure. It must begin doing this now; tomorrow may be too late.



BISHOPS' MEETING

LETDOWN IN WASHINGTON

The National Conference of Catholic Bishops didn't quite make it to Washington for its annual meeting this year. At its outpost on the wrong side of the Potomac, the NCCB went through the motions of a meeting and adjourned a day earlier than scheduled. This speedy conclusion may have been the most significant action of an organization whose reluctance to do anything of note is becoming painfully obvious. The meeting ended on a Thursday rather than a Friday not because the cumbersome NCCB machinery had suddenly become efficient but because the bishops had scheduled practically nothing to keep them busy.

Symbolically, perhaps, the meeting was held as close as possible to the National Airport, at the Twin Bridges Marriott Hotel in Arlington—a neon-spangled parking lot with adjacent buildings, straight out of Middle America, totally self-contained; closer to the Pentagon than the Capitol and isolated from the demonstrators who used to flock to bishops' meetings (though a few did get through and most others have presumably stopped bothering).

Bishop Raymond Gallagher, in his final statement as chairman of the Committee on Social Development and World Peace, warned the bishops against a concern with routine matters that could crowd from the agenda subjects vital to the national welfare. "We're hiding

from the awful results of conditions we're permitting to continue," he said.

The report of the Committee on Research, Plans and Programs underlined his words. In a schematic summary of 1973 planning proposals covering each of the secretariats and divisions of the NCCB and the U.S. Catholic Conference, this was an entry commonly seen:

"Proposed New Programs: None."

"Questions and Issues: None."

When there were new proposals or live issues in the summary, they were usually focused on how the office in question could retrench or place itself more securely under centralized control. Thus, the Division for the Spanish Speaking stated its intention "to integrate (itself) more fully into the Conference, and to 'scale down' the dimensions of its major program activities in accordance with Conference policy and resource availability." Issues faced by the Division include "phase-out of regional offices." When the entry was other than "none" for other offices, it usually included the expression, "activities of the Division will be closely monitored," without specifying who would be the monitor.

The meeting was not devoid of accomplishments. It welcomed the appointment of five women as consultants to the Bishops' Ad Hoc Committee for Women in the Church and Society, and it made clear the canonical

loopholes that will allow women to function as acolytes and lectors although they may not be ordained for these minor roles. It gave its annual pat on the back to the deficit-ridden National Office for Black Catholics; the bishops will support NOBC until the end of 1972, but gave no assurance of funds beyond that time. They confronted the massive vocation crisis by deciding to "get soundings" on changing observance of the World Day of Prayer for Vocations to a "preferable date." Bishop Mark Hurley of Santa Rosa, Cal., introduced his rebaptized Secretariat for Human Values (formerly for "non-believers"), which will deal with subjects that range from the morality of modern psychology to the problem of fetuses with hereditary defects. The bishops agreed to ask Rome for prorogation of three experimental norms (3, 7 and 21) in the *motu proprio* "Causas Matrimoniales" which have streamlined the processing of marriage cases in diocesan courts and which are scheduled to expire next July 1. And they unanimously approved a petition to Rome for the canonization of Bishop Frederick Baraga, the first Bishop of Marquette.

Two major documents emerged from the meeting, both significant largely for the last-minute changes made by the bishops. One was the second annual statement on Vietnam, the best parts of which were borrowed from last year's statement, requesting amnesty for draft-evaders and a massive postwar rebuilding program in Southeast Asia. To these points, the bishops this year added "a plea to both sides for an end to bombing and terrorism" and an ambivalent expression of opposition to war in general. On the issue of war, the bishops showed an unusual reluctance to moralize, changing a passage which said that "war is no longer admissible as a means of settling disputes" to state that "war is not an apt means. . . ." If this change means anything, it seems to mean that the bishops are more willing to talk about strategy than about morality.

They are also wary of values, if a change in their pastoral, "To Teach as Jesus Did," has any function; in this bit of editing, their task of "proclaiming Gospel values" became one of "proclaiming the Gospel." Other changes showed an underlying concern for institutional structures, and wariness of such words as "new" and "community." The "community" Jesus founded became the "Church" and in another emendation the bishops seemed to distinguish between themselves and the "community." "Planning and implementing the educational mission of the Church must involve the entire Catholic community," read the first version. The meeting saw fit to add at the beginning: "Under the leadership of the Ordinary and his priests. . . ." Elsewhere, the "new catechetics" became simply "catechetics."

To their credit, however, it should be recorded that

the bishops declined to insert a paragraph warning against academic freedom which deserves to be quoted in full: "Those in charge of Catholic institutions of higher learning should consider it a matter of conscience that any teachings contrary to the Catholic faith should not be permitted under the guise of academic freedom or for other alleged reasons. Otherwise, these Catholic institutions will be false to the purpose for which they were established. Necessary precautions regarding this danger should be kept in mind in drawing up all contracts between the institution and the members of the faculty."

The pastoral itself, chiefly a rationale for Catholic education at all levels, contains no surprises. The bishops mention adult education, campus ministry, CCD programs and other educational activities, but the emphasis remains on the parochial school and the crisis it is encountering. There is a recognition of the problems (lack of students, teachers and money) and a concession that schools must adapt to meet these problems, but no inkling of workable solutions or of readiness to adopt drastic new priorities. During the meeting, the bishops were told of plans to introduce and lobby for tax-credit legislation to aid the schools. Perhaps this will help, but it is hardly a whole solution. The evidence in the pastoral indicates that no whole solution is in sight, that the situation will continue to drift along as it has in recent years with occasional spasmodic efforts to rally support for a deteriorating status quo.

The evidence of this meeting, with that of other recent trends, indicate that the Catholic Church, raised from its torpor for a decade by Pope John and the Council, is preparing to go back to sleep. And in this trend, at least, the hierarchy seems ready to take a leading role.

JOHN OVERBROOK

(John Overbrook, a previous contributor, is a watcher of the American church scene.)

COMING

RAMSDELL GURNEY, JR., writes about the SALT talks and the nuclear arms race:

"Logically, nations looked for solutions first to the United States, which had the atomic monopoly, and then to the Soviet Union, which because of its potential power and influence would have to participate if an arrangement were to be meaningful. But neither disarmament nor arms control was forthcoming. Both Washington and Moscow abdicated fundamental responsibilities. The United States from the start espoused nuclear controls and disarmament but proposed them in self-serving terms."

IN THE END the people went with the pros. That is the style we fall back on as a nation—whether in football players or gunslingers. And yet it is noteworthy, even curious, that the beneficiary of this national tendency should be Richard Milhous Nixon. Henry Kissinger, yes. (It was, to be sure, Nixon-Kissinger, not Nixon-Agnew whom the G.O.P. fielded as their winning ticket.) But if Kissinger has emerged as a “natural,” Nixon has never ceased to appear as the very opposite. Win or lose, there was always the sense that he was slightly out of his league; that whether he succeeded, as in the Checkers speech or in defeating Humphrey, or whether he failed, as in 1960 or in 1962, it was done badly. A botched job. Amateur night. He wore the Presidency like a suit of clothes that was too big. But all the while he has been straining, revising, concentrating, learning, jotting on his yellow pad—*forging* a pro out of the most recalcitrant and unlikely materials. That is what his life, all those “crises,” has been about.

Daniel Yankelovitch, one of the high priests of the polls, even pinpoints the precise moment when Richard Nixon broke out of the cocoon. It was in the weeks after the mining of Haiphong and the renewed bombing of North Vietnam. The President had pulled it off. The President was going to Russia. The President was a pro. Domestic affairs, says Yankelovitch surprisingly enough, had little to do with the reversal of public opinion on Nixon. Moscow was the fairy godmother who finally touched Cinderella with the magic wand; not that all those years scrubbing the hearth weren't part of the story, too.

In fact, domestic and foreign affairs blended into one question: whose hand would be steady and firm? The man whom liberal intellectuals had considered the epitome of instability and shiftiness so transformed himself as to win that judgment. It was an accomplishment which has produced one of the most convoluted, enig-

OF PROS, PRESIDENTS & PATRIARCHS

PETER STEINFELS

matic men to occupy the White House in modern times, next to whom a Kennedy or Truman seems a model of simplicity and transparency; and even the intellectuals are beginning to recognize the fact. “A genius,” wrote Norman Mailer, and higher yet, “an artist.” Nixon “was the artist who had discovered the laws of vibration in all the frozen congelations of the mediocre. . . . Freud is obsolete. To explain Nixon, nothing less than a new theory of personality can now suffice.”

The soothsayers are studying entrails for signs of the pro's future plans, now that there can be no more championship battles, but not with the confidence they displayed before. Will he stash the trophy on the shelf and relax, or ride off into the sunset, while the nation droops into the calm of a second Eisenhower term? Will he try to make his mark on history as an “American” President, or as a “Republican” one who re-established the G.O.P. in the driver's seat? Will he look for achievements overseas or at home?

That Richard Nixon seems determined to continue his role as a foreign-policy President seems clear. What is more intriguing is the President's determination to heal America's “spiritual crisis.” For cynics, this determination is only a function of the fact that the nation's coffers are reportedly unable to finance any material efforts. Spiritual problems are so much cheaper than real ones—to paraphrase a line of Elaine May's.

The cynics, as always, are right but also, as always, only in part. The “spiritual crisis” is genuine, and so probably is Mr. Nixon's concern with it. There is a problem of permissive-

ness, of breakdown in discipline, of lack, in old-fashioned terms, of public virtue. It runs from the top of the system to the bottom.

One wonders, however, whether the President sees it that way. In his easy version of the Protestant Ethic, virtue appears to be wanting only where material success is consistently absent. Permissiveness is not a problem with the wealthy and powerful; discipline is for the poor and broken. (One exception, of course, is when the wealthy and powerful threaten to take the side of the poor and broken.) To discipline the weak takes muscle, but to discipline the strong would indeed require spiritual leadership of an uncommon sort.

It is at this point that the President, despite his victory, still looks so remarkably disarmed. He waves banalities like a rubber sword; he reaches into the medicine chest and comes out with—cough syrup. When he declared that “the average American is just like the child in the family,” his doctrine of Presidential patriarchy received some attention; but an earlier plea for a spending ceiling compared Congress to “individual family members” spending money carelessly “without regard to what other members of the family were spending.” The point, of course, was that the President was head of the household.

At one level, such homely reconstructions of the Constitutional division of powers are merely evidence of imminent failure to confront the spiritual crisis of the country. At another level, such paternalism could combine with the well-oiled machinery of Nixon the pro to establish a new relationship between state and citizen. “Isn't it a relief to *be governed*, for a change?” said many Frenchmen under de Gaulle; they had abandoned the ambition of *governing*. Despite his talk of self-reliance and responsibility, the Nixon answer to the spiritual needs of the nation may only be to convince Americans that, as good children, they would rather be governed than govern.

CHANGE WITHIN CHANGE

PHILIP SCHARPER

Before the opening of the Second Vatican Council in 1962, Commonweal published a series of articles on the general theme of "What the Layman Wants from the Church"—a series later issued in paperback by Herder and Herder under the title The Layman in the Church. Now we have invited the authors of that series

to take another look at themselves and the post-conciliar church, their fears and disappointments, their hopes and expectations, all from the vantage point of today, ten years after the Council's inception. This is the second article in the series.

—THE EDITORS

Most of those who have written, in either dismay or discouragement, about 'changes in the church' have had a classical view of the nature of change. They have either seen change as leading from a certain base to a plateau, obscured by snow and mist, somewhere up the mountain's face; or they have chafed at the reluctance of the party's guides resolutely to set forth for that higher, sunlit plateau which they believe to lie above the billowing mist—the post-conciliar church true to itself, the church of the year 2,000, etc.

For over two decades, however, many social scientists and some philosophers have been trying to tell us that the characteristic of our age is revolution—rapid, radical change—in almost every sector of the human enterprise. Change no longer leads to stasis, however brief. The ascent no longer eventually brings us to a plateau broad enough to give us breathing space, let alone spacious enough for building even a city of tents.

Change leads to change leads to change. Flux, not fixity, is the basic dimension of modern man. So, at least, read the soundings of many who make it their business to study the course of human events, and the evidence for their position seems to mount higher every day.

If their observations are accurate, the church has changed within the last decade not so much because the Council decreed certain changes, or even because the

Conciliar Fathers could not foresee the full consequences of the changes they had decreed. The church has changed—or been changed—because it has been caught up in a massive cultural shift, a global upheaval of which only the first tremors are being felt in every country on every continent, and within almost every institution within each country.

If we try, then, to situate some of the most visible changes in the church within the context of global cultural change, we will, perhaps, be less tempted to either fear or frustration. The church is not now—nor ever was—either the matrix or guardian of global civilization. Not she, but her Lord, is the architect of history because he is also its point of origin and point of return. The pleroma centers on Christ, not the church which may form only a part of the "all things" which he will return to his Father.

Viewed through this prism, even some of the conciliar documents most praised and most damned (*The Church, The Church in the Modern World*), seem arrogant in their humility, even as do some of the best post-conciliar documents such as *Populorum Progressio* and the Synodal Statement of last October on World Peace and Justice.

The rhetoric of these documents has the tone of slightly flawed cathedral bells tolling above an almost-empty square. The words suggest that the church has discovered the situation which it deplures, is immediately addressing itself to them, and like the Good Samaritan, pledging its resources to redress the wrongs suffered by mankind on the road to—nowhere.

PHILIP SCHARPER, formerly Chief Editor at Sheed & Ward in New York, is presently Editor of Maryknoll Publications' Orbis Books.

Documents such as these give no recognition that the church has, in effect if not in intention, adopted what several observers have fingered as a major component of the global cultural shift referred to above: the development of a proletariat mentality among disparate 'classes' across many sectors of the earth.

Historically, a proletariat mentality looks at life through the eyes of the poor, the oppressed, the disenfranchised, the exploited whom modern industrialized societies tend to push to the raw, cracker-thin edge of humanity—the *lumpenproletariat* of Marx. What distinguishes the contemporary proletariat mentality, however, is that it brings together an unlikely coalition of the authentic proletariat and those who have chosen to identify themselves with the poor—reasonably comfortable students, writers and professors whose ivy towers could have been bastions during the battle.

The street revolt in Paris in 1968 is an obvious example of students and professors joining workers in an assault on a government felt to be sluggish and irresponsible to the needs of the people.

Student and faculty unrest here at home seems to have been banked sufficiently to permit Vice President Spiro Agnew again to appear on selected college campuses. But what Nobel laureate George Wald described several years ago as a young generation without a future remains an accurate description not only of those now carving their initials on college desks, but also of the underemployed or unemployable minority youths numbered in the millions by the federal census of 1970.

The most significant displays of the proletariat mentality within Catholicism have taken place in Latin America, where the bishops have not only stated their involvement in principle with "the wretched of the earth" (as at the Medellin Conference in 1968) but have in some instances sold church land and property to help the poor. In portions of Brazil, Paraguay, Panama and Venezuela the bishops have set the church on a collision course with dictatorial governments, with consequences yet unforeseen.

There is reason to believe that, for the church in Africa and Asia, what is said and done in Rome will be of less importance than what is said and done in Montevideo, Santiago or Recife. Certainly the statements coming from the two latest Conferences of Asian Bishops echo the Latin American bishops at Medellin more than they echo Vatican II, the recent Synod of Bishops in Rome, or the statements of Pope Paul on international justice and peace—significant and welcome though each of these Christian declarations obviously is.

Similarly, one senses that the next wave of theological development will come from the Third World, and will speak not only to Christians in the developing nations but to those in the relatively affluent North Atlantic tier as well.

Unlike the theology developed within continental Europe, which has dominated Catholic and Protestant thought for centuries, this theology comes from men and women who have been theologizing in a world darkly shadowed by poverty, political oppression, economic and cultural dependence, hopelessness.

Out of this world has come a theology of liberation, which sees the essential message and saving deeds of Christ as directed to freeing men not only from sin and death, but from every form of enslavement—illiteracy, hunger, economic exploitation, political oppression: "the institutionalized violence" denounced by the bishops of Latin America and Asia even as they recognized that the church itself had often played a repressive rather than a liberating role on both these continents. Too often the Scriptures had been used to comfort the afflicted; but the Word of God must also afflict the comfortable—and the church in the Third World is becoming both pastoral and prophetic in ways yet unfamiliar to the predominantly white, Western church.

Within the next decade, however, these churches will be as familiar with the names of Archbishops Camara and Fragoso of Brazil or Cardinals Ricketts of Peru and Silva of Chile as they had learned, within the last decade, the names of churchmen such as Suenens, Alfrink and Bea. Similarly, the theologians of liberation—Gutierrez, Segundo, Morelli—will be as widely known in the '70s as were the theologians of renewal in the '60s—Congar, Rahner, Schillebeeckx, Küng, Murray. The theological centers of gravity will slowly shift from Tübingen, Paris, Münster to Montevideo, Bogota, Lima and, before long, to Manila, Ceylon and Tanzania.

These and the other changes sketched above would seem to indicate that the Council did not fully grasp a world in flux when it spoke of the church as "the people of God on pilgrimage."

Instructive though that metaphor is, it does not really reflect the life of the church now or in the near future. Perhaps a more accurate and illuminating metaphor would be to describe the church in which we now live as the people of God called forth (*ekklesia*) to a time of wandering, a nomad church.

The pilgrim has a fixed abode from which he sets forth to visit a site made holy by persons and incidents in the past. The destination is known—Jerusalem, Mecca, Canterbury, Lourdes—and the route charted. After a certain stay, the pilgrim will return home, by a known route, hopefully with an increased devotion to and renewed faith in whatever it was that drew him to make the journey to that particular 'sacred spot.'

The wanderer—Abraham, Moses, Paul—is summoned to leave his home forever in order to seek a place which God will show him, a place not made holy in the past but to be made holy in the future when God shall choose this place for one of his continuing irruptions into history.

The destination, then, is unknown; hence the way to it is uncharted, and the guidance given at once clear and ambiguous: a pillar of fire by night and a cloud by day. The pilgrim has his hostels along the routes that both lead him away from home and back to it. The wanderer knows that he will not come this way again and must therefore resist the temptation to turn any hostel into a facsimile of the home that lies behind him, a part of his past forever.

True enough, pilgrims can form a disparate and even motley band, as Chaucer so wonderfully reminds us. Their bonding, however, is less than interpersonal; it is a shared faith in and devotion to some reality outside themselves. Their association with one another, no matter how long in seeming or in fact, is brief; it dissolves when the pilgrimage is ended.

Nomads live differently, because they have to. Solidarity is necessary for survival, and the uncertainty of route and destination blots out distinctions between economic classes and socio-ethnic divisions (*Deuteronomy* 15:4; *Ephesians* 2:14).

In the light of the nomad church, certain developments seem to become worth theological consideration that might otherwise be perplexing, most notably the rise of ecclesial communities within the United States which have no warrant in canon law, but which number among their architects and participants some of the better, younger American canon lawyers and theologians. Unlike the fortuitous selection of members and the to-be-dissolved bonds which characterize a pilgrim band, the members of these new communities are linked together by bonds intensely interpersonal. They resemble a tribe more than the parish, diocese or religious community which had formerly served the church as models of Christian groupings.

Another phenomenon, closely linked to the emergence of "tribes" within the nomad church, is the appearance of a new type of church-related person, particularly among former nuns and former priests. When people, to cite but a very few, such as Eugene Bianchi, Bernard Cooke or Maryellen Muckenhirn left their posts to seek new forms of ministry, I, like many others, felt that they would no longer be able to continue their contributions to the church. The prophet, I was convinced, could be effective within the community only as long as he was part of the community.

I was wrong, of course. I had failed to realize that the very meaning of "church as community" was evolving at a rate almost too rapid to be measured. The Cookes and Bianchis are still heard within the American church, at officially sponsored conferences, articles in Catholic journals, retaining, in a number of cases, the teaching posts they had previously held as priests and nuns. It's all quite sloppy and awkward from a canonical viewpoint, but makes good sense within a wandering church which must, perforce, put function ahead of form.

To this point, I have attempted to avoid a subjective approach to the topic of this series, even though the invitation extended by the editors for this article, as for that of ten years ago, permitted a highly personal response. In that vein, I can say "credo in unam, sanctam, catholicam ecclesiam" more firmly than I could ten, or twenty, years ago. The church, not Christ, has always been the great trial of a Christian's faith and I, for one, see his lineaments in those of the church more clearly every day.

Not, of course, that all is well. Too many in the church still ache for conformity and fear pluriformity. In the United States particularly there are feverish efforts to incorporate democratic structures within the life of the church; what is needed, however, is the instilling, preservation and enlargement of democratic *values*, and these are not always guaranteed by democratic structures, as our national political experience continually demonstrates. Many still search for consensus and are alarmed by conflict within the church, as though major change in any human grouping were ever wrought without conflict.

Not, then, that all is well, but so much is better. Theologians trivialize the Good News less than did most of their predecessors. On the highest levels, the church seems increasingly prepared to welcome secularization and to expunge its own peculiar type of secularism. So many of the church's forms have eroded, so much triumphalism been sapped, so much legalism been supplanted, so many real questions raised where before there were only firm irrelevant answers.

A Pentecostal wind has risen, and like countless others I find this brief day of sun and frost an exciting one in which to be baptized and breathing.



BERNICE BUNN CHRISTMAN

DOVES

While yesterday, at four doves past,
There still was light to snip a broken thread,
Repair a pocket, make a button fast,
And sit in pleasant peace and rest my head,
At three doves past, today was gone.
Despite the summer still a month away,
The room lay leveled out, all light withdrawn,
And I fumbled spools, untangling black from grey.

How finely stitched it was, that held together
Pulse of life and arbored blood and bone;
How scattered and subdued each separate rift of feather
Fell, to find a nest somewhere on stone!
Three doves apart, by shaded light,
I mend what's left, and draw the stitches tight.



THE VALUE OF POUND

MARK TAYLOR

Is there any reconciling of the artist and the fascist?

It is time to decide what we want to remember about Ezra Pound. He had always his dissenters and unforgivers, and they were seldom more hysterical than in the year of his death. Everyone knows that the American Academy of the Arts and Sciences refused, a few months ago, to award him its prestigious Emerson-Thoreau Medal. In July, Daniel Bell, a vice president of the Academy, explained his own thinking on the matter in a letter to the *New York Times*. One may appreciate the work of a bedeviled man, he wrote, "but it does not follow that one honors a man who advocates a way of life that makes the world hellish. Necessarily, one has to draw a distinction between the work and the man."

What this means in application is that Pound was a contemptible fascist who had a tenuous relationship to a body of creative work, not that he was a great, or at least serious and important, artist who had also an unfortunate relationship to a despicable moral-political philosophy. Identify Pound the man with his worst; cut his best off from him and let it fend for itself. Politics is reality; art is illusion. "One may be compelled by the power of [certain fascists'] work," Professor Bell concludes. "One may, as in the case of Pound, who has taken a penance of silence, long after, forgive; but does one honor them?" Come now, Mr. Bell: you are only pretending forgiveness.

Mistrust those moralists and political commentators who claim to sit dispassionately in judgment on art; comes the crunch, and they will pitch out art every time (or they elevate bad art if it expresses sound politics); their commitment is never equal. I am grateful for the logic of *New York Post* columnist Harriet Van Horne, writing after Pound's death, who avoids the contradictions of Professor Bell's stance by throwing out the baby with the bath water. Thus: "Pound was a thoroughly wicked man and a shallow, incoherent poet"; he was "a bad poet committed to a vile ideology," a man "whose scholarship was largely bogus." She implies that professors of literature invented him to keep themselves busy. Her cited authority for this tirade is former Columbia University classicist Gilbert Highet, who strongly faulted Pound on his Greek and Latin.

MARK TAYLOR teaches in the English and World Literature Department at Manhattan College.

I suppose that Harriet Van Horne does not know of the subsequent critics (Donald Davie, J. P. Sullivan) who have shown Highet's misunderstanding of Pound's purposes when he was adapting rather than translating; but I fear that only ill-will has made her withhold the many kind and laudatory remarks that Highet made about Pound's lyrics.

There may be no way to reconcile the artist with the fascist as complementary masks of the same man, in which case may we not keep one and discard the other? It is lame, though probably true, to say that when Pound was good, he was sane, and when he was bad, he was crazy. It is probably hedging to point out how many other Americans and Englishmen, generally, and poets, specifically, flirted to a greater or lesser degree with fascism and got away with it; how many of these (e.g., the British poet-philosopher T. E. Hulme) equaled Pound in the intensity of their anti-Semitism; how many great poets, painters and composers throughout the ages have been nasty little brutes in their non-creative lives; or how oblivious Pound really was of the consequences of German Aryanism. But two pertinent facts about his case remain. First, he got away with nothing: he was humiliated in a cage in Pisa, arrested by the American Army, judged insane and unfit to stand trial, and incarcerated for twelve years in St. Elizabeth's Hospital. He was punished, he suffered, he repented, and he changed. For an ordinary man the slate would have been wiped clean; it is puerile to believe that the social and psychic aberrations of artists are irremediable, and those of other men are not. Second, there is a great difference between wishing to value Pound's achievement and offering a brief for an appreciation of the young Adolph Hitler's water colors. I am not, that is to say, trying to redeem an essentially evil man on the basis of an abortive creative instinct, but rather to understand a greatly creative man in the face of his own weakness. Ezra Pound the fascist is, in the history of this sad century, so unimportant that were it not for Ezra Pound the writer none of us would have heard of him. We may choose to inter his good with his bones, and let his evil live after him, but we will then be showing our own pettiness.

Pound greatly admired the Dutch philosopher Baruch Spinoza and in his prose writings frequently quoted this sentence: "The intellectual love of a thing consists

in the understanding of its perfections." We might ask what perfections Pound himself possessed. In 1937 Harriet Monroe, the founder of *Poetry* magazine, wrote in her autobiography, "Ezra Pound was born to be a great teacher. The American universities which, at this time [ca. 1912] of his developing strength, failed, one and all, to install him as the head of an English department, missed a dynamic influence which would have been felt wherever English writing is taught. It is not entirely his fault if he has become somewhat embittered and has spent upon trivial quarrels and temperamental exaggerations the energy which should have gone into important progressive work."

This evaluation of the man's heuristic genius sounds fundamentally correct, though in the long run his promise was frustrated much less than Miss Monroe indicates. True, the universities scorned the young Pound and made him bitter, but it is nearly inconceivable that his influence on American and British poetry, if exerted from a comfortable campus, could have been what it became when active among the great makers in London and Paris. In conversation and in a variety of writings Pound contributed the most important prescriptive poetics, in English, of this century. What I mean by this is that although others (T. S. Eliot, William Empson, Northrup Frye) have taught readers as much about reading as Pound did, no one else taught writers so much about writing, by example and especially by precept. Whether or not prescription was its intent, the most important prescriptive critical document of the nineteenth century—Wordsworth's *Preface to the Lyrical Ballads*—was written by the century's greatest poet. Pound does not tower above poets of this century as Wordsworth did above those of the nineteenth; indeed, he is not in the very front ranks. As an influence, however, as the motive force of a creative revolution, he is Wordsworth's equal.

I am speaking not only of the well-known aid and advice that he gave to other writers (*vide* his contributions to *The Waste Land*), but also of such published work as *ABC of Reading*, *Make It New*, *The Literary Essays*, *The Spirit of Romance*, and *Pavannes and Divisions*, in all of which he inveighed against abstractions, merely ornamental adjectives, and inverted syntax, and fought for conciseness, naturalness, limpidity and the lessons that are to be learned from Dante, the Troubadours, and the Chinese. (Pound did so much work on these diverse literatures, and the work is so uniformly perceptive and stimulating, that one scarcely knows how to go about praising it. I will mention one trifle: his brief essay "Hell," a review of Laurence Binyon's translation of the *Inferno*, should be read by anyone interested in the essential differences between English and Italian verse.)

Pound's perfections are more dispersed and occasional, surely, in his poetry than in his critical prose,

but the various early books collected under the title of *Personae* contain a few long, important poems (the *Homage to Sextus Propertius*, *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley*); some exquisite free translations (the section *Cathay*, particularly); and at least a couple dozen charming and, I believe, enduring lyrics ("Sestina: Altaforte," "A Pact," "The Study in Aesthetics," etc.). The problem, of course, is always *The Cantos*—that vast, unfinished, supposedly Dantean, occasionally radiant but usually inchoate epic of modern man, with its pretentious Italian, bewildering Greek, and maddening Chinese, its rare peaks of sublimity and innumerable sloughs of despond and inarticulate rage—which betrays the earlier work as certainly as it implies it. It is customary to like a few of the early cantos, to regard the *Pisan Cantos* (nos. 74-84) as perhaps Pound's best thing, and to reject most of the rest. Maybe this judgment is correct; sometimes a great poem must be around a long time before its total structure can be grasped, but I doubt that *The Cantos* will ever yield a solid, visible structure. To the very end, however, there are glorious moments worth discovering: "But beauty is not the madness / Tho' my errors and wrecks lie about me. / And I am not a demigod, / I cannot make it cohere. / If love be not in the house there is nothing. / The voice of famine unheard. / How came beauty against this blackness. . .?" (no. 116).

1972 has been a bad year for our poets. Marianne Moore, Padraic Colum, John Berryman, and Kenneth Patchen have all died. And now Ezra Pound, who belongs not with these others but with men and women of an earlier time—Hemingway, Gertrude Stein, Robert Frost, Hilda Doolittle, Harriet Monroe—and more truly still, with the giants of this century's literature: Joyce, Yeats, Lawrence, Eliot. Pound survived them all; he was the very last. With his passing, on the first day of November, our direct communion with another age ended; may he rest forgiven.

ACTING OUT OF CHARACTER



THE SCREEN

Nothing mystifies me more than the ability of some talented directors to make an inept film occasionally. How can a man who has proven often that he has taste, an eye for verisimilitude and an instinct for commercial success suddenly make a film that has none of these qualities? To come down to cases, how can Joseph Losey, who has made *The Servant*, *Accident*, *Secret Ceremony* and *The Go-Between*, also have made *Boom!* and *The Assassination of Trotsky*?

Part of the answer is to be found in the thing that

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Boom! and *The Assassination of Trotsky* have in common: Richard Burton. In the new film Burton portrays Trotsky, and his portrayal is an act of character assassination far more deadly than the blow that Alain Delon, as Stalin's hired assassin, delivers with a pickax. In Burton's enactment, Trotsky becomes to the International Communist Party what Polonius was to the Court of Denmark. But to be fair to Burton, if not charitable, I don't think he intended his Trotsky to be so laughable. It is all a terrible mistake, like a gross remark made by someone who thought he was being witty. Nor is Burton to be blamed alone. His performance has clearly been shaped and encouraged by Losey.

Losey and scriptwriter Nicholas Mosley spit-and-scotchaped Burton's dialogue by lifting a line from Trotsky's letters here, a line from his diaries there, etc. As Mosley is the son of Oswald Mosley, Britain's leading Fascist, I suspect his script of being a put-up job—a conspiracy comparable to the campaign literature written for Muskie or McGovern by Nixon agent Donald Segretti. Instead of trying to disguise and adapt all these abducted lines, Losey has his Trotsky speak most of them into a dictaphone in his office. Since Burton intones every line anyway, as if he spoke only to and for posterity, the dictaphone is a ludicrously appropriate touch.

On second thought, though, Burton is not the only thing that this film has in common with *Boom!*, Losey's other great fizzle. In all the Losey films mentioned before, there is another major character besides those played by the actors. This other character is a house. In Losey's best recent films, a house has been, in an implicit and symbolical way, a citadel for the values of the people who live in it. In *The Go-Between*, all Victorian squirearchy is perfectly situated, as it were, in the Maudsleys' manor house. The eccentricity and decadence of the mother-daughter relationship in *Secret Ceremony* is figured forth by the *art nouveau* interior of that film's townhouse. And so forth.

The special similarity of *Boom!* and *The Assassination of Trotsky* is that the house in them is not a fortress only in metaphor, but in fact. The world celebrity (Elizabeth Taylor) who lives secluded on a rocky coast in *Boom!* has dogs and walled perimeters and manned battlements just as Trotsky does in his Mexican exile where Losey depicts him. Perhaps then the problem with both films is that in settings whose meanings are all too obvious, Losey's characters become obvious too. Losey needs a subtle and unapparent setting to exploit, and a similar situation for his characters, before he can work well. Perhaps he is a good director capable of bad films because he doesn't recognize the nature—or the limitations—of his own talent.

There are really two Billie Holiday stories. One is about a poor black woman who had a passion and a genius for music. She made a great contribution to

American culture and became one of our most popular vocalists. This story certainly has spectacular proportions, though it is difficult to see how those proportions could be rendered faithfully in color and Panavision. The other Billie Holiday story is about a poor black woman who grew up with cousins and aunts, was raped as a girl, and turned to prostitution to escape poverty. She became a heroin addict and died at an early age. If it is difficult to see how the other Billie Holiday story could be done justice in Panavision, it is impossible to see how this one could.

Nevertheless, it is the second story, often to the exclusion of the first, that Sidney Furie's *Lady Sings the Blues* is trying to tell. What is being glorified with the fortune spent on costumes for this film and on a sound-stage period-set of a whole Harlem street? To lavish such cinematic glamor on Billie's misery seems perverse. But then, what could you expect from a film about Miss Holiday that has a musical score by Michel Legrand? Not much. The real challenge in making a film about Billie Holiday would have been to see how her two stories go together. But we could hardly expect a film like this one, with resources of only five or ten million dollars, to attempt anything so strenuous.

It's apparent from the opening shots in this film that it's Billie's degradation we are going to get, not her music. The credits are run over an opening scene in which Billie is jailed and strait-jacketed for being an addict. In sequence this scene doesn't come until much later in the film; but the great advantage of putting it at the beginning, and making everything up to it a flashback, is that it allows Furie to show us Billie going

through that one cold turkey twice. Of course, the film didn't need to begin here just because Furie had his heart set on having the star's life flash before her eyes (that old routine again). The opening scene could have shown us Billie performing at the height of her powers. The flashback could have been inserted between C and C sharp rather than between the sweats and the chills. But as I said, this film isn't interested in singing.

Diana Ross does a passable job with Billie's songs, considering that she's not being given any chance to do them for what they're worth in their own right. In keeping with the spirit of the film, the dramatic point made by Billie's performances is usually not that she's a great singer, but that she's almost too spaced out to go on with the show. Miss Ross hasn't been cast as Billie on account of her singing talent anyway. What suits her to the film is just her ability to play the gawky, scrawny teenager as charmingly as the sophisticated Lady.

And yet *Lady Sings the Blues* doesn't give Miss Ross an honest chance to try acting either. Having cheated Billie out of her songs, the film also robs her of her own life in a way. As if the things that actually happened to her weren't enough, the film makes her suffer for all other black people too, no matter how remote their lives and experiences might have been to hers. A glimpse of a black man who's been lynched, for instance, affects her far more visibly than injustices and pain much nearer home. Playing this (fictitious?) chance encounter with such histrionics belittles what should have been intimate and durable in Billie's life. As usual, the attempt at a generic tragedy only cheapens the personal one.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

WHATEVER THE reason, this has been the season for spies and counter-spies. For many years a staple of the "thriller" section of the fiction shelves, they have crashed the non-fiction lists, the Farago entry achieving the heights of the *Times* best seller ranking for several weeks. Readers who have glutted themselves with the extravagances of James Bond and his like can now feast upon the real thing, and they will be delighted to find that it is really not all that different. The elaborate deceptions, the all but incredible technology, even the zest of sex (though, perhaps, not quite up to the Bond standards); all of them are here too. And above all there is the excruciating suspense associated with the ever-present danger of discovery. What these books sacri-

THE 007s OF REAL LIFE GORDON C. ZAHN	The Game of the Foxes
	LADISLAS FARAGO
	McKay, \$11.95
	The Double-Cross System
	J. C. MASTERMAN
	Yale University Press, \$6.95
	Gehlen, Spy of the Century
	E. H. COOKRIDGE
	Random House, \$10

fice in flamboyance of style and excess of measure permitted to the fictional representations is more than compensated for by the chilling realization that this "game" is no game or, even worse, to the extent that it is, all of us, the

readers included, who are the insignificant counters in the high stakes for which the players contest.

Farago's book, already established as the most popular of the three, earns that honor if only because he makes

the greatest and most obvious concessions to assure that popularity. He covers the most territory and has produced an account that is the most lacking in depth and most consciously sensational in content and style. The book's shortcomings in structure and clarity (the episodic narrative often leads to a confusion of the participants which, in turn, is compounded by his erratic interchange of real identities and code names) will be forgiven by most devotees of the genre who will rejoice in having the "inside" story, however superficial, of how men like John L. Lewis, J. Edgar Hoover, even Winston Churchill, were duped by agents of the German *Abwehr*.

True, Farago's introduction gives promise of another, more systematic, work. He tells of "stumbling over" a metal footlocker "in a dark loft" of the National Archives which just happens to contain microfilmed files for which he had been conducting a seemingly hopeless search. If eyebrows rise over so blessed a happenstance, expectations are nonetheless stirred that, in this reviewer's opinion at least, are not fulfilled. Instead of a systematized and detached study of what he describes as "one of the world's greatest secret services," we end up with a series of narrative accounts of individual coups and failures. Interesting though these are, they present little or no intellectual or moral challenge to the reader. Nor does it help to find the author veering from extravagant praise of the scope, the imagination, and sheer efficiency of the *Abwehr* organization and of Admiral Canaris, its mystery-shrouded leader, to equally clear descriptions of what must be regarded as almost incredible blunders and gross stupidities which led to the collapse of effective operations in country after country. For a great network of agents manipulated by a brilliant spy-master, the *Abwehr* seems to have been "outfoxed" in almost every critical contest.

The most dramatic instance of this, and one which is covered with customary verve by Farago (though apparently not solely on the basis of the captured documentation of which he made

so much in his breath-catching introduction), was the "double-cross" operation by which the *Abwehr's* entire English network was converted into an instrument for misleading its "home office" and, to a significant degree, defeating the German war effort. Not only did the agents captured and "turned around" by the British feed all sorts of deceptive reports to their masters but, by a beautiful irony, they succeeded in milking the Germans of the funds by which their own undoing was financed.

J. C. Masterman played an important part in this operation and served as its official historian. His book is the report completed in 1945 and only recently released for publication. For obvious reasons it is restrained in style, a sharp contrast to the exuberances of Farago's coverage of much of the same material.

The XX ("Twenty") Committee, as it was called, was set up as a special unit with membership cutting across all the military and civilian agencies that had an interest in its highly secret and sensitive mission. Masterman scrupulously avoids dramatics (though there is a hint here and there of bureaucratic self-serving testimony), but his matter-of-fact account has all the impact one could ask. More important—and here we have a distinct superiority to the Farago description—he develops something of a *theory* in setting forth the seven governing objectives of the XX-operation, relating them to specific developments where relevant in the context of his essentially chronological report of its activities.

Yet it is the third book which is perhaps the most valuable and revealing of all. The extravagance of his "spy of the century" subtitle aside, Cookridge succeeds in presenting a thoroughly unresearched and amazingly well-organized analysis of Gehlen, the man, and the frightening apparatus of secret and unchallenged power he was able to create, first under the Nazi military and, after the collapse of the Third Reich, under the auspices of the American C.I.A. Fully loyal to both his masters in turn, Gehlen serves as the per-

fect model of the espionage specialist. So thorough is his dedication that one is led to suspect that, given even his passionate anti-communism, he could have been just as competent and almost as happy building his "Org" under Soviet auspices had the chips fallen in that direction. This book combines the suspenseful narrative qualities of Farago with the professional expertise of Masterman and, in addition, it provides a rare mixture of detached analysis and evaluation with overtones of a strong dislike (perhaps not fully realized by the author himself) of all that Gehlen personified and the subtle but sinister threat that organizations like his present to international order and peace.

Gehlen's military espionage organization seems to have been by far the superior when compared with Canaris' *Abwehr*, and it is interesting to note that he too operated a "double-cross" game along the lines of the British model. When he became convinced of the approaching demise of the Nazi regime, he had the foresight to gather and store all of the records of his operation with the intention of turning them over to the conquering allies of the West. At a price of course. The price was nothing less than complete and personal control over the even more extensive network to be developed and directed against the ally of the East, a deal he was able to make before the ashes of the Third Reich had cooled. Pure specialist that he was, he disdained the scruples of others (the British, incidentally, not the Americans!) who objected to including full-fledged Nazis, even SS officers, in his budding "organization"—though he was willing to cover them, where absolutely necessary, with false identities. Later, when the West German government assumed responsibilities for its secret service operations, Gehlen remained in full charge, for a time a power virtually beyond reach of constitutional authority. Indeed, it was by the merest mischance that he failed to achieve his ambition of being placed in charge of the intelligence operations of NATO itself.

Of course, the other side was playing much the same game, East Germany's counterpart of the Gehlen Organization being well supplied with former Nazis as well. This may be the most troubling lesson to be learned from all three books: organizations and activities like these know no fixed boundaries and carry within themselves a virus which threatens to infect and ultimately destroy all prospect of peaceful relations among men and nations, the virus of mutual mistrust. One cannot escape the potential of infinite regression with agents becoming double-agents and these, in turn, ready to sell their information and services to a third party should the price be right or the fear of exposure strong enough. In such a nightmare world there are no certainties other than the need to survive by one's wits. Farago's image of the "foxes" is well taken.

The amorality of this world as revealed in these books defies adequate summary. There is, for instance, the callousness of the observation made in passing by Masterman that, while in general a live captured spy is always of some use whereas a dead spy is of no use at all, "some had to perish, both to satisfy the public that the security of the country was being maintained and also convince the Germans that the others were working properly and were not under control. It would have taxed even German credulity if *all* their agents had apparently overcome the hazards of their landing." It is comforting to have this shockingly instrumental approach to human life preceded by the assurance that execution was always opposed "except when no other course was possible," but the intrusion of the demonstration principle leads one to question what standards of "possibility" were applied.

A few other, somewhat more incidental, points deserve mention. One finds an ironic twist in the pre-World War II foreshadowing of the recent "Pentagon Papers" furor in Farago's coverage of the leak of a War Department "secret" document in, of all places, the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Washington Times Herald*, and the *New York Daily News*!

Vernard Eller

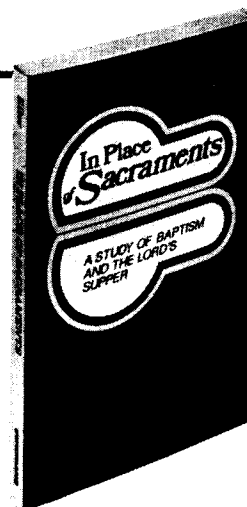
Author of *The Mad Morality*
and *Sex Manual for Puritans*

IN PLACE OF SACRAMENTS

Eller is back again, this time with a fresh, witty and helpful analysis of the Christian sacraments. He contends that the church has deserted its original understanding of its nature, and has taken on the character of a formal and authoritarian institution. In the process, baptism and the Lord's Supper have been given a different interpretation—that of the sacramental.

In Place of Sacraments constitutes a careful analysis of all the New Testament references to the sacraments, and suggests a new understanding of what these rites were meant to be. But Eller doesn't stop there; at every point he explores the implications of his findings for today's church.

176 pages. Paper, \$3.25



THE CHURCH IN SEARCH OF ITSELF

Robert S. Paul

In the past decade the complacency of the church has been shattered—by Vatican II; by the popular theology of such books as *The Death of God*; and, most recently, by the twin upheavals of the Jesus people and the Charismatic movement. Few of us can any longer be certain about what the church is, or what it ought to be.

Beginning with a comprehensive historical survey of the roots of the ecclesiological problem, Robert Paul proceeds to suggest a truly biblical theology of the church that reflects its proper meaning and message for today. "Only as the church resolutely turns away from the 'lordship' claimed in the past," he writes, "will it have the freedom needed to interpret the everlasting gospel; and when that happens, there will be no need to prove its apostolicity."

352 pages. Cloth, \$7.95



WM. B. EERDMANS
PUBLISHING CO.
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Again, there are some intriguing omissions. Farago is clearly not partial to Canaris and at times seems to question his record of subversive opposition to Hitler; but even allowing for this, his failure to even mention *Abwehr* General Hans Oster, the associate of Canaris who took it upon himself to warn the Low Countries of the impending invasion, is remarkable. Even more striking is his failure to mention Gehlen, Cookridge's "spy of the century," though as a broadcaster for the CIA-funded Radio Free Europe in Munich he could not have been unaware of the "Organization" operating out of a nearby suburb and of the past record and accomplishments of the "super-fox" at its head.

For the most part, though, these books mesh well with one another. Nowhere is the unity more complete than in the constant return to the "game" image and theme. Farago puts it in his title; Gehlen's version of the British "double-cross" was called a "*Funkspiel*"; Masterman repeatedly uses words like "playing" and "toying" to describe the activities of spies and counter-spies, of agents and double-agents. And what a game it is! Henry Stimson's declaration that "Gentlemen don't read other people's mail" in closing the State Department's cryptographical office after World War I was probably as naive as Cookridge intends it to sound, but it suggests a more respectable principle of action than his own closing sentence:

"Whether we like it or not, Western democracy must be prepared in times of danger to accept such strange allies as Reinhard Gehlen in its defense against totalitarianism."

Sooner or later, I suppose, we must ask ourselves if this is really the case and whether it is right that the truly impressive range of talents and intensity of commitment engaged in the "game" be wasted on what is essentially a sordid misuse of those qualities. If John XXIII was right in declaring that international peace is to be based on mutual trust alone, something will have to be done about this breed of foxes which feeds upon and deliberately sets out to create distrust among men and nations.

BOOKS



Critics' Choices for Christmas

BRUCE COOK

If 1972 was anything it was election year—or didn't you notice? And because there will be books and books about it next year, perhaps you can save yourself the trouble and chagrin of going through them all by reading the one that appeared this year, Norman Mailer's *St. George and the Godfather* (Signet, \$1.50). Perhaps I should put that a bit more positively, for Mailer certainly deserves more attention than he got for this fine report on the two conventions and the few disastrous (for the Democrats) weeks between. In it, he is right up to his 1968 form. This one is a bit superior to *Miami and the Siege of Chicago* and almost up to that paragon of parajournalism, *The Armies of the Night*. Theodore White won't have much to add to what Mailer has to say in *St. George and the Godfather*. The campaign that followed was a protracted anti-climax.

I don't know why, but talk of the election puts me in mind of a study by

Alan Harrington, *Psychopaths* (Simon and Schuster, \$7.95). Harrington has written two good novels, and it is the novelist here who makes this fascinating examination of the morally disturbed in our midst superior to anything yet written on the subject by specialists. In the book's long, crucial middle section, "Psychopathic Tales," he shows through a series of case histories that the psychopath is not just the freak killer who pops up now and then in the headlines but may well be the president of the corporation you work for or even the guy next door.

Psychopaths? How about *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* (Random House, \$5.95), Hunter S. Thompson's harrowing account of a weekend and more in the Xanadu of the fast-money set, that plastic pleasure dome for the big plungers? Thompson, author of *Hell's Angels*, that study of the motorcycle outlaw gang of a few years back, claims to have dictated most of the text of *Fear and Loathing* into a tape recorder as he was experiencing it, LSD trips and all, which must set some sort of record

for instant journalism. That alone is not much to recommend it, but it does have a certain . . . quality, I guess is the word. It is funny in the blackest, most apocalyptic and weird way—all those good laughs they left out of the Book of Revelation.

Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas gives a good indication of what has happened to the American novel. Much of the energy and art that went into it in the past is now channeled into journalism and personal narratives, like this one, of the more bizarre, confessional sort. It begins to seem as though one must look abroad to find real practitioners of the novel—yet not so far abroad, for one of the finest is just over the border in Toronto. Robertson Davies is his name, and his latest novel, *The Manticore* (Viking, \$7.95), may not be quite up to last year's *Fifth Business*—it all depends on how deeply you are interested in Jungian analysis—but this sequel was about the only real novel-novel published this year. Rich, textured, and made of good, durable stuff, it will be read when *August*,

1914 is still gathering dust on the shelf.

A novel such as *The Manticore* reminds you of that grand old literary style that used to be; many still show a marked preference for it. To them and to those, in particular, who were taken with the first volume of V. S. Pritchett's autobiography, *A Cab at the Door*, I commend the second, *Midnight Oil*. This one describes the development of Pritchett, the literary professional—critic, short-story writer, and occasional novelist. Yet enough of the decent man behind the writer is presented to us here so that we sense a flesh-and-blood presence among all those pages.

SALLY CUNNEEN

Because of my increasing involvement with adult education, I found myself reading few current books this year, but a period in which I had time for Polanyi, Dewey and Freire was not without profit. This 1972 crop of discoveries came to me via random routes and has no discernible pattern:

The Way of All the Earth, by John S. Dunne (Macmillan, \$6.95). Dunne offers no formulas, but may well be the American theologian whom Catholics (and others) shaken by change will find most congenial and spacious. Freeing us from parochial ways of looking at religious issues, he invites us to follow him on a "spiritual adventure—passing over to other religions and coming back with new insight to one's own."

Private Faces/Public Places, by Abigail McCarthy (Doubleday, \$8.95). A warm, low-key memoir that does justice to the best of pre-Vatican II Catholicism, and providing a bonus of special insights on the burdens carried by a politician's wife.

Migrants, Sharecroppers, Mountaineers and *The South Goes North* (vol. 2 and 3 of *Children of Crisis*), by Robert Coles (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$12.50 each). A moving and profound study of America's poor, by a psychiatrist for whom each man's humanity always has priority over ideology.

Martin E. Marty's *Protestantism*:

"A brilliant achievement."*

"Any reader should come away from this book with a far better grasp of the historical reality of Protestantism than he could get from many a larger work." —Earl H. Brill, *The National Observer*

"A great feat which required a tremendous intellect and an artistry that cannot be taught."

*—*Chicago Tribune*

PROTESTANTISM

Its Churches and Cultures, Rituals and Doctrines, Yesterday and Today

by Martin E. Marty

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John Moffitt's *Journey to Gorakhpur*:

"A literary, psychological, and theological event"*

"Moffitt, a poet and professing Catholic who spent 25 years as a member of the order of Ramakrishna in India, is ideally equipped to introduce the reader to Eastern religious thought."

—*Library Journal*

"Poetic, evocative, and highly informative. . . . Important reading. . . . Moffitt finds the meeting points of East and West."

—*Publishers Weekly*

*James G. Murray, *The Long Island Catholic*

JOURNEY TO GORAKHPUR

An Encounter with Christ Beyond Christianity

by John Moffitt

\$7.95 at all bookstores

Holt, Rinehart & Winston 

Commonweal: 233

Natives of My Person, by George Lamming (Holt, Rinehart, \$7.95). A profound and elegantly written novel in which the darkly mixed motives that lay behind the European colonization of the New World find dramatic form in the officers and crew on a mysterious voyage to the Caribbean. It is a fiction rich enough to sustain its fearful reminders of the still unpaid cost of centuries of racial, economic and sexual domination.

Souls on Fire, by Elie Wiesel (Random House, \$7.95). A major novelist brings the Hasidic tradition to life, offering a portrait gallery of Eastern European mystics who, Martin Buber insisted, were "of a vitality, a spiritual strength, and manifold originality, such as have never appeared together in so short a time span in the history of religion."

DAVID DENBY

The best new novel I've read this

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year is Paula Fox's *The Western Coast* (Harcourt Brace, \$7.95). In *Desperate Characters* (1970) she captured the mood of expanding urban panic, the dismay of well-off, protected people whose lives begin to unravel as New York closes in on them. The new book is about an American living totally without protection—a lonely, intelligent but largely unformed 18-year-old girl who travels to California in 1939 and leads a perilous life down and out in Los Angeles among homosexuals, Communists, movie people, and ordinary boarding-house losers. Miss Fox revisits the time and place of *The Day of the Locust* and even shares certain talents with Nathanael West: she has an encyclopedic knowledge of the sadness and incoherence of American lives, and her belligerent, intense characters are seen utterly without false romance.

Thirty years ago a lost American girl like Miss Fox's protagonist had little choice but to suffer and learn in relative isolation; four or five years ago, rattling around California, she might have been picked up by a young man who could answer all her questions and offer her the solace of community life. Ed Sanders' long book about Charles Manson & Friends, *The Family* (Dutton, \$6.95), is really pretty bad—an overly inclusive effort without much intellectual force or moral imagination—but it does its essential job, which is to tell us how some trivial American no-goods and drifters could be transformed by drugs, blood cults, and a charismatic leader into a band of nihilistic killers. In his own amateur style, Manson was as systematic as the Nazis in testing how far his will might extend over other human beings, and he started by brutalizing those poor, rootless girls. Sanders' book, a cross between a horror story and pornography, has its grisly fascination.

Midge Decter's *The New Chastity and Other Arguments Against Women's Liberation* (Coward, McCann, \$5.95) makes the most sense of any of the anti-Lib positions. Miss Decter believes that Women's Liberation is a panicky

reaction to the new freedoms women have gained in the last twenty-five years: the sexual revolution, for instance, presents women with a limitless freedom of choice that is actually contrary to their sexual temperaments, and so Lib responds to the uncertainty by calling man the oppressor and moving towards chastity; motherhood, now almost completely voluntary, has become a burden in a psychological-moral sense that it was not when it was accepted as woman's inevitable fate, so Lib attacks it as slavery, etc. Some of Miss Decter's confident pronouncements about woman's nature sound a little dubious, but it's a relief to hear once again that there are some temperamental and psychological differences between the sexes.

For the last twenty years Norman Mailer has been holding forth on the aesthetic and moral failings of our culture. Mailer's true predecessors are not essay-writing novelists, but men like John Ruskin or Henry Adams. Indeed, sections of his *St. George and the Godfather* (Signet, \$1.50), particularly the portraits of McGovern, Nixon, Wilbur Mills, etc., rival the descriptions of Ulysses S. Grant in *The Education of Henry Adams* and should be read for decades to come.

DORIS GRUMBACH

Books I've enjoyed hugely during 1971-1972

My notebook tells me I've read 305 books in the past year. Some I was paid to read and have promptly forgotten, most were in the few fields in which my scholarly interests lie, and many were on the subject of, or by, women, because that area of study is my current preoccupation. Reviewing this inchoate mass of print, I find that three of the books I especially enjoyed were what everyone else was enjoying as well, to judge by their sales, but two others are perennial favorites I come back to again and again:

1) *The Coming of Age*, by Simone de Beauvoir. (Putnam, \$10). A monumental survey and study of what old

age was historically, what it is to our time, and how it has been seen through the eyes of those suffering the condition. Without any qualification a seminal book—learned, beautifully-researched, a bit wordy and extended perhaps, but then, I would not know where to cut it off. The treatment of old age “exposes the failure of our entire civilization”: this is de Beauvoir’s thesis. The evidence of the book is overwhelming and unforgettable.

2) *Eleanor: The Years Alone*, by Joseph P. Lash. (Norton, \$9.95). Most critics considered this second volume of Lash’s history of *Eleanor and Franklin* somewhat of a falling off from the first. On the contrary, I find it more moving. It is a poignant, almost heroic narrative of the elevation of a first lady to the stature beyond which her husband’s position could have moved her. A landmark in the growing literature of women.

3) *The Tree Where Man Was Born*, by Peter Matthiessen. (Norton, \$15). Photographs by Eliot Porter. Surely one of the year’s most beautiful books visually, this is a literate and poetic account of life now as Matthiessen found it in the wilderness of the upper Nile (Sudan), Tanzania, and the northwest of the continent to Lake Rudolf at the edge of Kenya. The superb photographs are both elegiac and terrible: a mired elephant seems to epitomize Matthiessen’s moral that his visits taught him what “this continent must have been” before the assaults upon it of “civilization.”

4) *The House of Mirth*, by Edith Wharton. (Houghton Mifflin, Riverside editions, paper, \$1.45). Published in 1905, *The House of Mirth* recounts in Wharton’s cultivated and incisive prose the last months in the life of Lily Bart who yearns to enter the secure world of a wealthy marriage. If Edith Wharton often seems in Henry James’ shadow, here she stands clear, on her own. Lily Bart is part of that pantheon of feminine figures—Emma Bovary, Anna Karenina, Nora Helmer, Hester Prynne—on whom our vision of women oppressed by the shape and dictates of society rests.

5) *Huckleberry Finn*, by Mark Twain. (1885). Every year I reread *Huck*. If I had any power I would make every American read it once, or again, because it embodies, in a short, entertaining, funny, illiterate way, the most powerful lessons ever recorded in America about human character: that men are inhuman to their fellows, that love of one’s fellow man is natural and restorative, and that the natural world was once a place where a human being could sense the best in himself and the worst in civilization.

RICHARD McBRIEN

Garry Wills’ *Bare Ruined Choirs: Doubt, Prophecy, and Radical Religion* (Doubleday, \$7.95) is a perceptive, brightly written, and generally balanced explanation of the institutional disarray which besets the Catholic church in America.

Most Catholics, now sorely troubled by change, were brought up to believe in a church that could not change, except in the most peripheral and innocuous ways. The “dirty little secret” that Vatican II let out was that the church can change, indeed that it has changed over and over again throughout its lifetime.

The barest acquaintance with history would have destroyed most Catholics’ inflexible image of the church, but not even the barest acquaintance was theirs. The church of other ages, Wills suggests, would have been unrecognizable to such Catholics.

This book poses the question: if the traditional institutional forms and symbols of faith were really more than mere shells for many Catholics, why is it that once they were jostled even slightly, with “a change in the Mass’s choreography,” the beliefs of so many were shattered so easily?

The real war of the church today,

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IN SEARCH OF TOMORROW

by Rosemary Haughton

The author tells some of the hard truths about the social and ecological improvements that should be made but unfortunately for mankind—aren’t. The book contends that the future can’t be left to the experts and that the only way to avoid a future “wasteland” is through the action of a concerned citizenry.

Paperback, \$1.75

MARRIAGE ENCOUNTER

by Antoinette Bosco

The first comprehensive treatment of the new religious movement that began five years ago and is now spreading rapidly throughout the country. MARRIAGE ENCOUNTER looks at the history of the movement and also shows some of the problems that have arisen and the possibilities for the future.

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Wills seems to be arguing, must be the perennial war against idols: contrivances of belief, belief "for the sake of the children," belief for the sake of belief, i.e., that there might be at least some people still left in the world who believe in *something*. It is time, rather, to return to the sources, to go "underground."

David J. O'Brien's *The Renewal of American Catholicism* (Oxford University Press, \$7.95) addresses itself to the same basic problem but its style is more academic than journalistic. There is the same sense of balance, but we are spared the occasional ventures in ridicule that tend to mar an otherwise splendid effort by Wills.

O'Brien, a history professor at Holy Cross College, argues that the institutional future of the Catholic church hinges on that community's willingness and capacity to "hang loose," to fear rigidity more than it fears deviation. The future of the church as a deeper, more-than-institutional reality will depend, on the other hand, on its readiness to see itself always an instrument in the service of the Kingdom of God. The generally excellent theological perspective of this book, and of its final chapter in particular, is itself one of the signs of the continuing vitality of contemporary Catholic thought.

Mary Perkins Ryan's *We're All in This Together: Issues and Options in the Education of Catholics* (Holt, Rinehart, \$6.95) is not in the same literary

genre as the first two selections, but it shares their theological and pastoral concerns. It is a positive, balanced, and essentially hopeful book about a church that has itself changed considerably since Mrs. Ryan first attracted national attention with her 1964 work, *Are Parochial Schools the Answer?*

Her intention throughout this book is not the drawing of precise blueprints for the future church but simply to suggest creative possibilities. Like David O'Brien, she believes that we can plan less and less for rigid structures and clearly defined roles. "Structures and roles must be flexible enough to serve the changing needs and capabilities of a community, of whatever size and kind, from a family to a diocese or a city—or, rather, to facilitate its meeting its own needs."

Charles E. Curran's *Catholic Moral Theology in Dialogue* (Fides, \$6.50) is constructive theology of a different sort; it is consciously academic and professional, but with an eye at all times toward the pastoral implications. If Catholic moral theology has faltered in the recent past, it has done so because of its disengagement from dialogue with various contemporary disciplines and movements. If the church's ethical consciousness and presence is to make an effective impact once again, it will be the result of a restoration and renewal of its own dialogue with such disciplines and movements.

Not every essay in this collection will appeal to a general readership, but whatever time is spent with most of the material, particularly the useful discussions of social ethics, should prove to be a sensible and profitable investment.

John Macquarrie's *Path in Spiritual-ity* (Harper & Row, \$4.95) is written with an awareness of the prevailing mood of rebellion against a culture which dishonors and discards "spiritual experience." Those who rebel, however, often search for a spirituality outside of the Christian churches, Macquarrie, one of today's leading Christian systematic theologians, tries herein to take into account some recent developments in theology, particularly new ways of

thinking about God, which affect our understanding of prayer and worship.

Macquarrie, too, is fundamentally constructive and hopeful. He believes that the Christian tradition has rich resources that can be helpful to the spiritual needs of our time. Some readers will undoubtedly be surprised by the traditional character of many of Macquarrie's views.

MARTIN MARTY

Let me apologize from the beginning for having chosen mainly expensive books. Inflation has hit the book world, so there are few bargains. Nor need there be simple equations between book prices and quality so that high price equals high quality. Yet at year's end it turns out that the volumes which seem destined to nurture me for some time to come tend to be big ones or plush ones.

In the fields which I am supposed to monitor, religious history and the broad area of theology, it has not been a banner year. But two books should long be around, and I plan to put them to work. In both cases, the parts are greater than the whole; but the parts are often first-rate and the wholes are pretty good. I refer to Sydney Ahlstrom, *A Religious History of the American People* (Yale, \$19.50), a survey which slights almost no one and gives balanced attention to the wide variety of religious phenomena, including those beyond Jewish and Christian ranges, in the span of American history. Those who own Ahlstrom's tome can clear the shelves of numbers of monographs, since he brings together so much useful information.

The other work is Louis Dupré, *The Other Dimension* (Doubleday, \$10). As with Ahlstrom, if someone asked me to come to the point and say exactly what the author is getting at, I would have to say that now and then the thread will elude the average reader—assuming I am average—but that chapter by chapter there are insights into the nature of the human response and angles of vision on religious reality



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which others often overlook. It will inspire independent inquiries on the part of many a reader.

To show that my tastes are not all lavish, let me add that I profited greatly from David J. O'Brien, *The Renewal of American Catholicism* (Oxford, \$7.95). O'Brien is now in the front rank of Catholic historians, and it is his historical perspective which provides a special character to this fair-minded appraisal of Catholic assets and difficulties today. While not ordinarily the kind of book which would attract my interest very long, René Dubos' *The God Within* (Scribner, \$8.95) came along to cheer many people in a bad year, and I was among those cheered. It is high humanism, scientific realism tinged with the kind of hope which is a rare commodity only a few years after 'hope theology' was widely marketed. I wish Dubos were better informed about the varieties of options within Christianity, but he is certainly well-meaning and should help others take a second look at human possibility in a natural world.

Now for that sweep down the *really* luxurious shelf. Everyone's choice for



CONTRIBUTORS

GORDON ZAHN, author of *War, Conscience and Dissent*, teaches sociology at the University of Massachusetts.

BRUCE COOK is on the staff of the *National Observer*.

SALLY CUNNEEN is an editor of *Cross Currents* and teaches English at the Satellite program of Rockland Community College.

DAVID DENBY writes movie criticism for *Atlantic*.

DORIS GRUMBACH, author and essayist, teaches English at the College of St. Rose in Albany, N.Y.

FATHER RICHARD P. MCBRIEN teaches theology at Boston College and is the author of *Do We Need the Church?* (Harper & Row).

MARTIN MARTY, a professor at the University of Chicago and an editor of *The Christian Century*, is the author of *Righteous Empire*.

MICHAEL TRUE is an associate professor of English at Assumption College and lecturer at Clark University in Worcester, Mass.

KENNETH L. WOODWARD is an editor at *Newsweek*.

the most beautiful book of the season is the Millard Meiss and Edith W. Kirsch edition of *The Visconti Hours* (Braziller, \$35) a superbly reproduced version of an illuminated Book of Hours; it belongs not on coffee table but at bedside. Many hours of pleasure are available in E. E. Cummings (e.e. cummings or e e cummings), *Complete Poems, 1913-1962* (Harcourt, Brace, \$12.50). I am not alone in my enjoyment of Peter Matthiessen, *The Tree Where Man Was Born* (Dutton, \$17.50), an amazing word-picture of East Africa, enhanced—though it needs no enhancement, by Eliot Porter photographs, "The African Experience."

This year I embarked on a re-reading of Ortega in English, and was surprised to find available now, attractively presented with line drawings, José Ortega y Gasset, *Meditations on Hunting* (Scribners, \$9.95), a surprising book about human-natural ties. In *a Sacred Manner We Live* is a set of photographs of North American Indians by Edward S. Curtis, introduced

by Don D. Fowler (Barre, \$15), sepia reproductions of turn-of-the-century works of art by a rediscovered pioneer.

MICHAEL TRUE

I cannot begin discussing favorite books of the present year without calling attention to two remarkable collections from 1971 that failed, thus far, to receive proper recognition—Stanley Kunitz, *The Testing Tree* (Little, Brown, \$4.95) and Denise Levertov, *To Stay Alive* (New Directions, \$6.95). Neither of them, for some strange reason, was even nominated for a major prize for poetry. Kunitz, at 67, continues to produce work that is generally characteristic of much younger writers—original, varied, intense. A short poem from his fourth volume seems, after the recent election, properly jaundiced about "The System": "That pack of scoundrels/ tumbling through the gate/emerges/ as the Order of the State."

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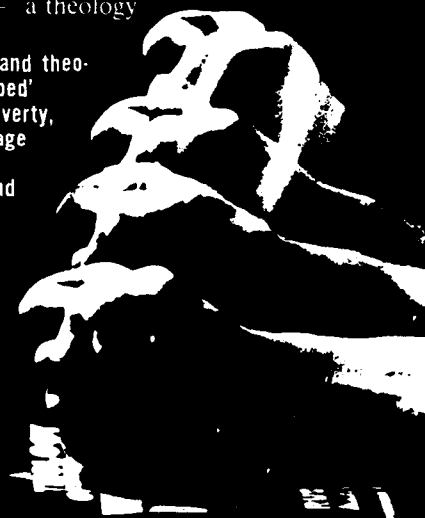
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Denise Levertov's poems, in the early years, dealt with subjects proper to a person acutely sensitive to everyday events, to a world of households, close relationships, life in the city, history. Her recent experiment with a long poem, in *To Stay Alive*, brought together long journal notations with briefer poems on the Vietnam war and was, I think, extraordinarily successful. *Footprints* (New Directions, \$5), her tenth volume, contains shorter poems written during the same period and, as a collection, is particularly appropriate for anyone reading Levertov for the first time. She combines a gift for vivid, precise detail, with a sense of the erotic, as in "The Poem Unwritten": "For weeks the poem of your body, of my hands upon your body/stroking, sweeping, in the rite of worship . . . for weeks that poem, that prayer,/unwritten." In a sequence entitled, "A Year's Garland for My Students/MIT: 1969-70," one hears the voice of that teacher we would all like to be.

For a book about how to become that special kind of teacher, see Jeffrey Schrank, *Teaching Human Beings: 101 Subversive Activities for the Classroom* (Beacon, \$3.45). Its premise is that "love and caring are more important than grades or degrees, and that even schools can be places of growth." Its list of activities, questions for discussion, films and human resources should help enliven any classroom, meeting, discussion group, liturgy.

Winning Hearts and Minds: War Poems by Vietnam Veterans, originally published by 1st Casualty Press, has

been reissued (McGraw-Hill, \$3.95). The poems are exceptional, giving unforgettable documentation of the war experience and introducing an impressive group of young writers. Almost as important as the poems are the pictures, drawings, and a special note to the reader, at the end of the book, that reminds us of what poetry is for: "Read it aloud/ Recopy it/ Dramatize it/ Give it as a gift/ And sing it!/ Poetry is a human gift/ Use it."

Three new books, secondary sources, deal fruitfully, if at times unevenly, with their special subjects. James Thomas Baker, *Thomas Merton, Social Critic* (University of Kentucky, \$8.00) helps one understand the significant change in Merton's concerns after 1956. Richard King, in *The Party of Eros: Radical Social Thought and the Realm of Freedom* (University of North Carolina, \$7.50), ignores Paul Goodman's poetry and fiction, but suggests the value of a comprehensive approach to his collected works, and includes chapters on Freud, Reich, Marcuse, Brown, and important reflections on the 1950's. *Radical Perspectives in the Arts*, ed. Lee Baxandall (Pelican, \$2.45) returns to a difficult argument, popular in the 1930's, on the relationship between aesthetics and politics, art and society. (I would particularly recommend this book to Saul Maloff, whose near-hysterical attack on Louis Kampf—*Commonweal*, Nov. 10, I'm still trying to understand.)

Reversing the usual order of things, I save the best book for last, probably out of fear of not saying enough or maybe of saying it too loud. *Rags of Time: A Season in Prison*, by Jack Cook (Beacon, \$6.95), is a special book for this or any other year. In the midst of discouraging times—the continued war in Asia, a general retreat from the hard lessons of the last decade, political defeat, this book reclaims that spirit of an earlier joyous dissent and challenges the reader toward continued struggle. From the two years of his experience at Allenwood (Pa.) Federal Prison Camp, to which he was sentenced for refusing induction into the army, the author selects one two-

week-long incident for his subject. As a gesture of support for anti-war demonstrators at the prison gates, five prisoners walk from their confined area toward their friends, knowing that they will be punished, maybe shot, for their action. Quite predictably, they end up in solitary confinement—an experience that Cook brings to life in a manner that Dostoevsky, Kropotkin, or Solzhenitsyn might envy. "Jailed for breaking laws of the state, we break the laws of the jail. Proving we are still free even in fetters. As all men should be. And without blame. Without blame."

In telling his own story, Jack Cook gives several memorable portraits of those who shared his experience and those who went before. A former editor of the *Catholic Worker*, he makes a valuable contribution to the growing literature about that remarkable institution, about the Christian anarchist tradition, with portraits of Ammon Hennacy and Philip Berrigan, as well. It is a dark, funny, bitter, exhilarating book, Go read it.

K. L. WOODWARD

Since most of my book-reading is done on the commuter train, the best of the books inevitably turn out to be those I go on to finish at home. Two of these this year were *Migrants, Sharecroppers and Mountaineers*, and *The South Goes North*, vols 2 and 3 of Robert Coles' series, *Children of Crisis* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$12.50 each). Coles is up to a lot of things in this series, but it is evident that he is charting a kind of interior landscape of the American family, circa the 1960s, which tells us more than we might imagine about how we live, thanks to Coles' nuanced understanding of how people get to be the way they are.

The thickening of experience which comes from living together is also the subject of Michael Novak's *The Rise of the Unmeltable Ethnics* (Macmillan, \$7.95), a book which was praised and criticized, I think, all for the wrong

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reasons. If this hadn't been an election year, and if Novak had tempered some of his polemics, his efforts might have been more justly weighed.

Ordinarily, books published from recorded conversations turn me off long before the conductor announces Grand Central Station. A happy exception is *The Geography of Faith* (Beacon, \$7.50), in which Robert Coles (again) and Daniel Berrigan manage to talk as well as—and in many passages, better than—they write. The subjects are peace, non-violence, sin, pride and "risk" by two men who have experienced what they talk about. A collaborative effort of a wholly different sort is the facsimile edition of T. S. Eliot's *The Wasteland* (Harcourt, Brace, \$22.50) which contains all the annotations of the late Ezra Pound and enough material for many long evenings at home spent second-guessing both poet and editor. For Eliot-fanciers, it's a little like finding the original text of Genesis.

Other books which will take me another month of commuting to finish: Frances Fitzgerald's *Fire in the Lake: The Vietnamese and the Americans in Vietnam* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$12.50) is, for me, the first book on the war to pierce the numbness created by successive waves of horror, guilt, rage and indifference. In theology, hope rises with two demanding and very different volumes. Louis Dupré's *The Other Dimension* (Doubleday, \$10) is the kind of sustained philosophical reflection on religious experience and faith that I almost despaired of ever seeing again. Equally demanding is John S. Dunne's latest exercise in "passing over," *The Way of All the Earth* (Macmillan, \$6.95). This time, the experiences to be appropriated are those which sustain the great Eastern religions and through Dunne, we can make them very much our own, without ceding our wits to the latest meditating guru.

And finally, for \$9.50 you can buy a book bargain at the Museum of Modern Art: a collection of photographs by the late Diane Arbus who came to know the grotesque side of American

life through her portraits of dwarfs, transvestites, maimed children etc. For added impact, try studying them on the train, and then look again at your fellow commuters.

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 219)

to women and the superior male ego. Since "Doing in Women" was clearly intended as a positive demonstration of optimism, sister's letter indicated a negative response to the "challenge" proposed.

If every affirmative suggestion made to the feminine mind is going to be counterattacked by indignant rejection, women may achieve equality, but it will be of an obnoxious variety.

It is my personal belief that in striving for justice and equality in *all* types of work, jobs, and privileges, woman is sacrificing something far more precious—superiority. It was never "just" that chivalrous gentlemen should treat women with a respect and courtesy not accorded to men. It was never just, but it was nice.

SISTER ST. GERVASE, S.S.J.

Spencer, W. Va.

To the Editors: Re "Doing in Women" [Oct. 6]: I appreciate the title. It fits in with the fact that Pope Paul has used a form of document that the editorial says is used for lesser concerns. Such are women considered in the life of the church.

They are not even worthy of a solid theological explanation for their role as inferior human beings. The only explanation that offers itself is that the church seeks to constantly reaffirm the lower position of women among the people of God.

I think it is time for the church to make it clear its stand that either men and women are equal in the eyes of God, or they are not. . . .

If they are equal, they should have full opportunity to share in the responsibilities and activities of the church.

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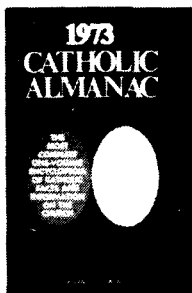
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